2:Métraux--55 E-5 (1930-1931) 1935, 1936 SF24 Uru SF24
Carangas—
Chipaya

*796 554 /341 cont./ in Paredes (1) the Pages which he devotes To One must read

1. Mitos, superstitiones y supervivencias, etc., p. 176-186.

the alferez's to realize what the rank of alferez means to an Indian or Bolivian cholo. The pointless glory of bearing this title for one day generally brings the ruin of the hero of the festival with it. *796 554 926 This expense is so crushing that in order to meet it the alferez are often obliged to have recourse to their relatives or friends for help. This consists of small gifts, and those who give them are called ayni. The debt which is contracted in these circumstances is, Paredes tells us (2), sacred, and one cannot fail to discharge it.

2. Ibid., p. 162.

*796 ●431 During the Chipaya festivals I have actually seen Indians who came to offer the alferez either eggs, sheaves of straw, coca, or alcohol. These little gifts were most welcome and accepted with gratitude by the alferez, whose resources had been singularly strained by the world-wide crisis. Dr. Rivet (3) observed customs in Ecuador

*796 554 171 [113]

3. Rivet (Paul). "Étude sur les Indiens de la région de Riobamba /Study on the Indians of the Riobamba Region/." Journal de la Société des Américanistes de Paris. Paris, New Series, Vol. I, No. I, 1903, p. 76.

identical with those described here, the only difference being that in that land the alferez bears the name of prioste. "The Indians have a strong desire to give festivals which will eclipse all previous ones. This folly pushes some unfortunates to work a whole year, denying themselves stubbornly all but the strictly necessary, /342/ even on Sundays (strange contradiction). Then the festival arrives,

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/344 cont./ white banner, he led the troup of musicians and Brandishing his
622 dancers, stopping in front of each hut to obtain a tribute of alcohol
535 for himself and his troup. In exchange for this gift he gave his
[931] momentary host the privilege of seizing the White banner and
putting himself at the head of the dancers. The end of the day was
[913] only a succession of rounds and drinking which went on until complete exhaustion.

622 The second day. On the next day, noticing that all the Indians were going toward a particular hut, I in turn went. There I found about 30 individuals, men and women, squatting on the floor around the alcalde taking office, who was seated on a pile of cloth behind a table facing the door. He was holding his stick of authority in his arm and had bunches of flowers and a napkin full of coca in front of him. His physiognomy did not act in his favor; his ravaged, closed face was scarred with smallpox; his thick features, aquiline nose, and projecting chin gave him an air which was both cruel and bestial. I sat down next to the men immediately to the right of the host. All were keeping a profound, almost disturbing silence. At long intervals a man would rise to profer his
[896] bag of coca to the alcalde. The latter would take a few leaves from it and tender his own chuspa with a bored gesture. Others moved toward the table, took a pinch of coca leaves, some of which they left in front of the flowers, and swallowed the rest.
[782] The drinkers never forgot their libations directed, as were the
[913] offerings, toward the flowers on the table. On that day the chicha of maize and quinua, in exception to the rule, competed with the alcohol. It was served by the women in terra-cotta bowls. I had the opportunity to be present that afternoon at a scene, the significance of which remains a mystery to me. A man got up and greeted a young woman in the usual manner; /345/ she replied to his greeting and went to kneel at the head of the audience. The individual who had greeted her took the young woman's head and shoved it against that of a man squatting next to her. Several
[159] seconds later the young woman gave way to weeping identical to that with which the church had resounded the day before. Silence

/205 cont./

157 same. Boredom and silence overwhelm the village. The children
461 themselves share in this general sullenness: they never have fun, so
[859] to speak, and have no toys. The men watch over their sheep with a vague eye or stay squatting in their huts chewing coca or doing nothing. The women, if necessity forces them, weave some coarse material or occupy their leisure time by looking for fleas on each other or by having the innumerable small plaits of their hair made.

157 The Čipaya are nonetheless much more congenial and pleasant
171 than their neighbors the Aymara. They do not have the morbid mis-
[609] trust of strangers which many of the Bolivians have inherited from the Aymara. They are also not so stupidly grasping and stubborn as the latter. The Čipaya are, without doubt, of all the Indians on the altiplano the most pleasant and easygoing. In spite of this dismal apathy which I have just noted, they are capable of laughing, which rarely happens among the Aymara, at least in the presence of
123 strangers. They know how to appear well-wishing, and my relations
157 with them were almost always excellent. I had difficulty with only two Čipaya, who, in the middle of a festival insulted me /206/ liberally. Their attitude, due to their alcoholic excesses, was severely judged by those present. During all the ceremonies in which I took part, I was the object of all sorts of attentions, and they never forgot to offer me alcohol and coca. This generosity was all the more touching as the poor Čipaya pay a lot for these products and, as a
● [431] result of the crisis, had only a very little. I often received presents of small cheeses which were given me as a sign of recognition for a service or advice. Sometimes these humble gifts were made without any hidden reason, simply out of friendliness.

I never had to complain of dishonesty among them, but I have reason to believe, however, that they are not so scrupulous when it is a question of the property of other members of the tribe. Several
152 small facts removed all my illusions in this respect. Life in Chipaya
578 is not idyllic. Jealousy rages there like an unleashed and malevolent
[123] devil. No Indian dared to sell me the objects which I acquired for
[126] my collections in broad daylight: all feared the unkind comments of those near them.